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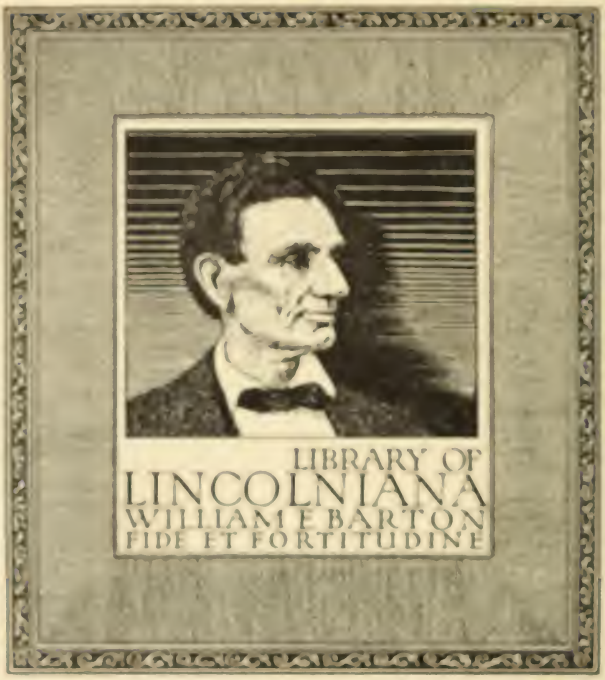
TWO MEMORIAL ADDRESSES DELIVERED ON FOXBORO COMMON

1865 and 1923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TWO MEMORIAL ADDRESSES DELIVERED ON FOXBORO COMMON

REV. WILLIAM E. BARTON, D. D.
IN MEMORY OF PRESIDENT HARDING
AUGUST 10, 1923

REV. ISAAC SMITH, A. M.
IN MEMORY OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN
APRIL 19, 1865

THE PRINT SHOP INCORPORATED
FOXBORO, MASSACHUSETTS
1923

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FOXBORO HONORS HARDING

(From the Foxboro Reporter, August 17, 1923.)

LAST Friday afternoon a large audience assembled on the Common to honor our dead President, Warren Gamaliel Harding. The affair was arranged by the Selectmen, L. W. Foster Post and others. Ex-Selectman Kimball was chairman of the committee of arrangements and the Boy Scouts under Scoutmaster Foulds assisted in many ways. Dr. Thomas furnished transportation for the members of the Grand Army Post and also loaned the use of the State Hospital truck to transport the seats which were placed near the bandstand. Ex-Representative George R. Ellis presided and announced the program. The Laurence W. Foster Post American Legion marched from their quarters to the grounds. Comrades Bourne, Sands, Williams, Pierce, and Wheeler of the E. P. Carpenter Post, G. A. R. were present in their uniforms. A quartette composed of Harry C. J. Rost, Walter F. Bosworth, Hobart A. Smart and Albert E. Bence assisted in the musical part of the program. The program as announced in last week's issue of the Reporter was carried out except that Rev. Michael A. Butler was unable to be present to pronounce the benediction, having been called to another observance. Rev. William H. Thurston of Mechanic street was substituted for that service.

The committee was very fortunate in securing Rev. William E. Barton to deliver the address of the day. Dr. Barton is the successful pastor of one of the largest and most influential churches in the United States, and moderator of the National Council of Congregational churches. He is the author of "Parables of Safed the Sage". His son, Bruce Barton, is the celebrated essayist of the American magazine and other publications.

During his remarks he stated that the most prized momento of Lincoln, by his followers, is the address delivered in the Town Hall of Foxboro on April 19, 1865, simultaneously with the funeral of President Lincoln, by Rev. Isaac Smith. Among the audience which listened to Dr. Barton was seated Mrs. Byron H. Waterman, who was present and heard Dr. Smith in 1865. After the exercises, Mrs. Waterman was introduced to Dr. Barton who congratulated her on having been privileged to hear Dr. Smith and also on her continued good health and well preserved faculties.

Business was suspended in the banks, stores and post-office and the wheels of industry paused in the factories.

MEMORIAL EXERCISES ON FOXBORO COMMON, AUGUST 10, 1923, AT THE HOUR OF THE FUNERAL SERVICES OF PRESIDENT HARDING

1. Assembly . . Milton and Bourne, Buglers

2. "Lead Kindly Light" . . . . Quartet

3. Prayer . . . Rev. W. Ellsworth Lawson

4. "Nearer My God to Thee"
Quartet and Congregation

5. Address . . . Rev. W. E. Barton, D. D.

6. Benediction Rev. Father Michael A. Butler

7. Salute . . . . . Firing Squad

8. Taps . . . Milton and Bourne, Buglers

ADDRESS BY REV. WILLIAM E. BARTON, D. D.

THE flags of all nations, drooping at half-mast, salute the lowered and shrouded emblem of the Republic. A widow's sob at Marion, Ohio, is answered by bugles sounding "Taps" all around the world. The sorrow of this gathering finds its answering sorrow in ten thousand assemblies held in every portion of our country, and far beyond the sea. We are surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses. Our songs, our prayers, our words of sympathy, are uttered with the knowledge that prayers and songs and words like ours are finding expression at this hour all the way from Plymouth Rock to Puget Sound, all the way from Alaska to Panama, yes, all the way east and all the way west until they meet the echoes of like expressions of sorrow and comfort, as far as the human voice can anywhere be heard.

The event which brings us together, and the character of this service, find their precedent in a service held on April 19, 1865. At the hour of the funeral of President Abraham Lincoln, a service was held in the Town Hall, held as this is held, under the auspices of the officials of the Town, with all religious and civic bodies uniting, and attended by the people of Foxboro, without regard to sect or class. The address delivered on that day by Rev. Isaac Smith was printed, and is one of the most prized of pamphlets relating to Abraham Lincoln. Today, as on that day, Foxboro expresses her patriotism and her esteem for a good and wise and worthy President, suddenly called from us by death.

It is in keeping with the character and history of Foxboro that she should assemble today to pay her tribute of affection and respect to our dead President. Foxboro is a patriotic town.

She was born in the throes of the American Revolution, and baptized at the shrine of liberty. It is said that the very first cannon cast for the Colonial army was made by a resident of Foxboro. The tablets in our Memorial Hall give names of 24 soldiers of this town who fought in the Revolution, 38 who fought in the war of 1812 and 178 who represented this town in the war that kept our nation whole and made it free. The honorable record of this town in the World War may be read on our majestic memorial rock in the names of the men of Foxboro who fought against greed and oppression in that conflict. There are present this day, and participating in this service, a little company of venerable men who wore the blue in 1861-5, and a fine, stalwart body of men in kahki, members of the American Legion.

Only an event of national significance could have brought together such a gathering as this. No hall or church in Foxboro could have afforded room for our assembly. We are here in numbers such that only the Common can furnish us an adequate floor, and there is no roof in Foxboro that could cover this gathering save the blue sky itself.

In all this we are manifesting at once our companionship with all true Americans who meet this day in proud sorrow, and with those who, in former years, on every call either in war or peace have been true to the spirit of Foxboro.

When, in 1865, the service was held to which already reference has been made, the President had fallen by the hand of an assassin. It was an occasion of horror as well as of sorrow; and that horror we were compelled to feel again in the death of Presidents Garfield and McKinley. Thank God, that horror does not enter into this present service. Warren G. Harding's death is shocking in its sudden occurrence, but it is not the result of human hate and crime. For this, at least, let us be profoundly thankful. Ours is not an incurable sorrow; our tears have in them no bitterness; this death has no sting of human hate.

Indeed, the element of human passion is more nearly absent from this than from any previous funeral of a President dead in office. Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley were all assassinated;

Harrison and Taylor both died so soon after their inauguration that charges of foul play were freely made, charges for which there was no real foundation. Harrison and Taylor died so soon after their election that the heat of the two campaigns had not died down; Harding dies in no such time of divided loyalties. The heart of America is one heart today.

And yet we cannot forget that even President Harding was subject to severe and bitter criticism. America has never had a great President who did not suffer cruel and unmerited censure. Washington, Lincoln, McKinley, Roosevelt, all were slandered. It is good to know that at the moment of his sudden death, Mr. Harding was listening to the reading of an article which spoke of him in terms of discriminating praise. I hope he knows that all America and the world echo those sentiments of praise and approval today. It is beautiful to see the unanimity with which the American press today pays tribute to the genuine goodness of Warren G. Harding. We could have wished that he had heard more of this while he was living.

We do not honor our great men as we ought to honor them. We do not discover their greatness as we ought until they are gone from us. No other nation makes so much as America makes of symbolism in intimate things. We have a most elaborate etiquette of the flag; we make a religion of reverence for our national anthem; but we are too much afraid of honoring our men. Neither a strain of music nor a piece of striped bunting can ever mean much except as they represent qualities that are honorable in our manhood.

Can we call Warren G. Harding a great man? What constitutes a great man? How many presidents of the United States would you call great? I have known, not intimately to be sure, the last seven or eight Presidents; which of them would you call great? Was Benjamin Harrison a great man? Or Grover Cleveland? Or William McKinley? Or Theodore Roosevelt? Or William Howard Taft? Or Woodrow Wilson? I held them all in respect; but of which of them could it be said that he was truly great? But if Presidents are not great, who are our great men? Are bank presidents or presidents of railroads great men? Not many of them seem so to me. How

many of the generals of the Civil War were great men? How many generals of the World War were great? I will not belittle any of them, but those that I have met have not appeared to me incomparably greater than other men, and the ones most nearly great have been the least inclined to assume it.

And yet, we will agree, America has had, and somewhere must still have, great men. Where are they?

Lincoln was a great man. We shall all agree about that. But here is an interesting fact. I have been reading several of the sermons delivered just after Lincoln's death, and of the addresses delivered by distinguished orators at the time of his funeral, and not all of these orators, not many of them, indeed, call Lincoln a great man. They all praise him, and say that Lincoln was kind, and generous and magnanimous and tactful and sympathetic and honest and sincere, but they stop just short of calling him great.

But now, no one hesitates to ascribe greatness to Abraham Lincoln. People who had known him in the familiarity of his daily life lived too near him to appreciate his greatness. Lincoln seems far greater to us than he did to most of his contemporaries; and he will appear greater fifty years from now than he does today. So, I believe, will Harding.

I will not attempt in any close and intimate fashion to say that the life of Warren G. Harding was like that of Abraham Lincoln; we cannot see the two men in the same perspective; Lincoln has become a semi-mythical character, almost superhuman in his goodness and greatness. But Harding had some qualities not unlike those of Lincoln.

Warren G. Harding was an honest man. No one holding his hand and looking into his face could doubt that he was sincere, and that his promises could be relied upon. He was a kind man, considerate and friendly and patient. He was a man who combined friendliness and firmness. He knew how to stand squarely upon his own convictions, and he was not easily moved. He combined those elements which made him a competent leader—a practical knowledge of the will of the people and a vision of what the people might be led to accept from

their representatives thorough confidence and patience. In all this Harding was like Lincoln. He was a man of the people, born of the common stuff of American manhood, and elevated by the free choice of the people to be their chief representative. In all these respects his greatness was like that of Lincoln. Harding was not tested in time of war, but he had the severe testing of "the cruel wars of peace", and, like Lincoln he did not betray the confidence of the people.

I am aware that Harding has been severely blamed because he favored the World Court and did not favor the League of Nations. Even so William Lloyd Garrison blamed Abraham Lincoln, and Wendell Phillips called him "the slave-hound of Illinois" and the extreme abolitionists vied with the Copperheads in their abuse of Lincoln. But Lincoln knew, and Harding knew how far the people would go and how far Congress would go. Harding knew that neither the Senate nor the people desired that America should enter the League of Nations as at present constituted. Lloyd George, in a speech delivered two weeks ago, on July 25, cried out that there will never be a League of Nations until it is so reconstituted as to include Russia and Germany and to be acceptable to the United States. Harding knew this. It was only Harding's earnestness that made the World Court an issue; the League, on its present basis, is not an issue in America. Harding knew it.

I have reason to believe, and do believe, that Mr. Harding has been thoroughly loyal to his own conscience, and loyal to what he believed the best interests of America and the world, in the stand he has taken in international relationships. And I believe that the future will declare he has been right. Woodrow Wilson went to Versailles with high and noble ideals. I have no words save those of praise for Wilson. He carried with him the Fourteen Points on which already the war had ended. The Council at Versailles undertook to arrange a treaty of peace on the basis of Wilson's Fourteen Points, and if the Fourteen Points had had the small pox, the treaty would have been immune. The Fourteen Points became a music-hall joke in Paris before Woodrow Wilson was half through. No nation that consented to the Armistice on the basis of the Fourteen

Points and then had a responsible share in the Treaty of Versailles need ever taunt Germany about "scraps of paper." I think history will say that Harding did well to take warning by the experience of Wilson, and keep America out of that trap of European intrigue and hatred and revenge. America can afford to be the keeper of her own conscience; we do not inherit any nation's hatred for any other nation.

But Harding's fame will not rest on any negative attitude. The world will not think of him permanently as the man who kept America out of the League of Nations any more than it will permanently remember Woodrow Wilson as the man who kept us out of the war. The world will remember Warren G. Harding as the man who, with the advice and co-operation of Charles E. Hughes, devised and accomplished the results of the Washington Conference. That Conference began in such a dramatic fashion and ended so tamely, we do not half appreciate its results. But this is what it did.

It averted a war between America and Japan, and laid the basis of a new friendship between those nations. It terminated the Anglo-Japanese alliance, most inimical as it was to the interests of America, and gave us the opportunity for a closer alliance of America and Great Britain without offense to or estranglement of any other nation. It secured a binding agreement, to which even France has now tardily consented, that the maritime powers should not bankrupt the world in the building of battleships, and that the process should begin immediately of scrapping of the navies that were a menace to the world's peace. Finally, it not only recognized America's paramount interest in the Pacific, and her right to a navy as great as that of any seven seas but placed the peace of the oceans in the custody of the English-speaking powers, by the quiet logic of the arithmetic which says that two times five are more than three times three. All this Harding and Hughes did with such authority, skill, tact and open-dealing that the world is delighted, and we hardly realize what has been done. On the day before that conference opened, Warren G. Harding, speaking at the grave of the unknown soldier in Arlington, did what no President has ever done, he led that mighty audience in a prayer in

which he led in audible tones, ringing clear amid the hushed voices of thousands who heard and joined him.

Warren G. Harding was a quiet, unostentatious Christian. When Abraham Lincoln left Springfield to be inaugurated President, he told his old neighbors that he was going to undertake a responsibility heavier than that of Washington, and he could not hope to succeed without the help of that God on whom Washington relied. He asked his old neighbors to pray for him. So Harding, as he left Marion under like circumstances, said to his old neighbors, "I want to go to Washington with your prayers as well as your friendship. Though I may not always be the ideal, I want you to know that in my heart is a reverence for Almighty God. I believe that He has his own part in directing the destinies of this free people."

It is fortunate, yea, providential, in this hour, that America has as her leader a man like Calvin Coolidge. Death has seldom given us a good President. A Vice-President, stepping into the place of the Chief Magistrate, has a most difficult place to fill. But Calvin Coolidge gives us good reason to hope and expect that he will worthily perform the work that has come to him by the call of Providence. How worthily he has begun! Who can fail to admire the quiet dignity of his taking the oath, administered in the old farm-house, by the President's father! Thus far he has made no mistakes. His words have been wise, dignified, tactful, strong; and Mrs. Coolidge has shown herself a lady capable of sustaining the high dignity and moral value of her position.

Well may the Old Bay State rejoice with solemn pride that one of her sons comes worthily, even through such grief, to the chair of John Adams and John Quincy Adams. Again is Massachusetts the mother of Presidents. Let her honor Calvin Coolidge, refrain from cheap and trivial criticism of his policies, and set him on high in her heart as a man of character and conscience and Christian faith. Calvin Coolidge wrote a book whose title was, "Have Faith in Massachusetts". Let Massachusetts and the nation have faith in Calvin Coolidge.

Our thoughts turn in these closing moments to the little city in Ohio where a brave and heart-broken woman mourns her

dead, and the old neighbors stand amid a vast throng from the outer world, mingling their tears with hers. God give her comfort in this hour. She left the White House a month ago, not doubting that it was to be her home for six more years; now she must suddenly change her whole life plan, and return to spend her lonely remaining years near the grave of him she loved. Hers be the comfort that comes with the heartfelt sympathy and the fervent prayer of a united people.

It is impossible to forget a certain similarity in the funerals of Lincoln and Harding in their nation-wide character. When Lincoln was about to go east for his inaugural, five State Legislatures then in session invited him to visit them on his way to Washington. He did not therefore go direct, but visited the legislative bodies of Indiana, Ohio, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and stopped also at certain cities which lay not inconveniently distant from the route which he must travel in visiting these capitols. When he died it was determined that his body should return to Springfield over essentially the same route. Never had there been another funeral just like that, and the funeral of President Harding is not wholly a parallel. Yet the same train on which Harding was proudly burne to San Francisco is that which brought him back, its garlands changed to emblems of mourning. That funeral train traversing a length such as no similar funeral can equal, has carried the President's body from coast to coast, and found America's heart of sorrow and loyalty everywhere the same.

While Lincoln's body was on its way to the tomb, Henry Ward Beecher delivered a sermon which is recognized as one of the most eloquent funeral orations ever delivered in America. He said:

"And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and States are his pall-bearers, and the cannon beat the hours with solemn progression. Dead, dead, dead, he yet speaketh! Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man that ever was fit to live dead?

"Four years ago, oh, Illinois, we took from you an untried man, and from among the people. We return him to you, a

mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nation's; not ours but the world's. Give him place, oh, ye prairies! In the midst of the continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism."

So we, this day, salute Ohio, and say to her:

"Two years ago, oh, mother of Presidents, we received from you a man but little known to us and the world, and we laid upon him the heavy burdens of national leadership. Today we give him back to your keeping. Lay his sacred dust in the same soil that enshrines your Garfield and McKinley. To you we yield him, for he is yours; but he is not yours alone. His integrity, his loyalty, his honor and his Christian faith have given his name a place immortal among the rulers of mankind."

A nation must incarnate her own ideals in the lives of her great men. Except as she does this, her constitution and her statutes and her international conventions are sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. America will be free and her influence will be a blessing among nations, and her flag will float with high and undimmed luster, so long as she produces out of the stuff of her common manhood men like Lincoln, Harding and Coolidge.

The sun is sinking, and this day nears its close, both here and in Marion. The doors of the tomb are about to close upon all that is mortal of a brave, good man; and we shall presently close this service. The buglers will sound their last salute. The veterans of the World War will fire their farewell shots, and we shall depart from this place and face again with solemn and confident hearts our duties as individuals and citizens.

Let the bugles sound "Taps" for the time has come to bid farewell to all that is mortal of Warren G. Harding. Let the minute-guns, with their dull, heavy roar, carry from town to town the message of our sorrow. But America's sky is brighter in the west where Harding's sun went down, and its glow is the prophecy of a glorious and abiding dawn.

AN ADDRESS

Delivered in the Town Hall, Foxborough, Mass., April 19, 1865, simultaneously with the funeral of President Lincoln.
By Rev. Isaac Smith, A. M.

FELLOW CITIZENS: We assemble to-day under circumstances of unparalleled solemnity. Never, from the landing of the Mayflower, to the fourth anniversary of the firing on Fort Sumter; from the nineteenth of April, when the great struggle commenced at Lexington and Concord, to the nineteenth of April that witnesses the funeral rites of President Lincoln, has anything occurred so calculated to thrill the national heart, as the closing scene in the great drama last week. We may well doubt if the annals of the world can furnish aught that surpasses it. The assassination of Cæsar in the senate house; of William, Prince of Orange, by Gerard; the fate of Richard 2d, and of Edward 5th; the Gunpowder Plot; and the long list of dark deeds in ancient and mediaeval ages, harmonized with the spirit of those times, the deep darkness and degradation of the people. But in the nineteenth century, in enlightened America, in the land of Bibles, of sanctuaries, and sabbath schools; a land imbued with puritanic influences, and so near the ashes of a Washington, and when the universal shout of victory had scarcely died away,— it is then that death, and such a death, falls with startling effect, with stunning power. The poet Young has said,—

> "Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow;
> A blow, which while it executes, alarms,
> And startles thousands by a single fall."

Here the assassin threw death into the centre, and rolled its dark waves over sympathizing millions. Earth has no fiend of darker hue. Hell has no fury with more malignant hate. How deplorable the thought, that man, under the combined power of all vile influences, should ever sink so low! Alas, that we are

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compelled to include such under the generic name; that we can neither disclaim the species, nor wipe from the race the record of this foul deed! "Sic semper tyrannis" was as truly misapplied as were the purpose and the act with which the language was associated. No tyrant falls in this instance. No deed of wrong was avenged. No good to others could result. The employers of the wretch fought as blindly in this, as they have against their own cherished schemes throughout. The leaden missile was aimed at their truest friend. One baser than Judas, more cruel than Herod, more bloody than the hounds of the South, has appeased malignity in blood.

Nations, like individuals, have their reverses and triumphs. Ours, in its infancy, encountered some of the most unnatural and powerful of enemies. But, as in individual experiences, we were developed and matured by antagonistic influences. Our civil war, however, was the most appalling, and threatened to prove the most disastrous. The North still had important advantages. One was, the foundation of society had been laid in piety, in faith and prayer. The Puritans were influenced by religious considerations, when they crossed the ocean, and erected the church, the schoolhouse, and the college, in these western wilds. Not so with the South. They belonged to a stratum in society. Descendants of cavaliers, devotees of wealth and fashion, "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," they verged to the opposite extreme, locally, morally, and in every point of view. The progeny of both were true to the instincts, the habits, and sentiments of their sires. The one engaged in the peaceful pursuits, the useful arts of industry; the other taught and transmitted the blandishments of artificial life, the cruel code of revenge, and the arbitrament of war. The former gloried in their own honorable toil; the latter in extorting it, unrequited, from a subjugated race. The God to whose ears the groans of oppressed Israel ascended, and who judged between them and Pharaoh, has never blended such distinctions. In one instance, when he had a work of deliverance to effect he raised up Moses; in the other, Abraham Lincoln. The suffering was more extensive and severe in the latter instance, and a similar interest in it was equally consistent.

Mr. Lincoln has, with propriety, been regarded as the special gift of God for an important emergency. And it may well be doubted whether any other man could have filled his place so usefully to the people. He rose from obsurity. He had felt the pressure of poverty. His early culture was very limited and imperfect. He was thus thrown upon his own resources. Schooled in adversity, he was conversant with it. No man could better enter into the feelings of the masses. He used the most unadorned language, whether in state papers, public speeches, or private conversation; and if urged, in any instance, to adopt a more classic diction, his reply was, "The people will understand it." He came into power at a most critical juncture. No president, in any previous war, had equal difficulties to meet. Washington, to whom we properly attribute so much, had a less difficult task. He seems to have commenced with a determination not to sacrifice life needlessly, and not to suffer the national honor to be in any way impaired. Honest in his own nature and designs, he had some confidence in the honesty of his foes. He therefore hoped to effect something by conciliation. He had much to learn, as all others had. But he was quick to discern. He readily saw the practical working of his plans, and advanced with a firm and even course. If he had gone faster or farther, he would have been compelled to proceed alone. If he had done less, he would, in reality, have effected nothing. He had manifested more determination, there might have been a division at the North. As it was, he carried the millions with him, and with a remarkable unanimity.

His great proclamation of freedom was issued at a time when the nation was convinced of its propriety, and when the civilized world must see the issues, with no alternative but to justify the North, or approve of slavery.

Our President was genial in his nature, and kind in his intercourse with all. His fondness for story-telling relieved many an anxious thought, and made the cares of state rest more easily upon him. And sometimes perhaps his anecdotes served to conceal the conflicting emotions that preyed upon him.

His integrity of heart, and honesty of purpose were prover-

bial. We may well hope that his soul was allied to the Great Supreme by a living faith. When about to leave his Western home, to assume the responsibilities of his high office, he said, "Pray for me." And he seems to have felt a reliance upon a sustaining and over ruling Providence, in all the duties of his elevated position, nor did he make use of his power for the punishment or humiliation of his opponents. While determined to sustain the dignity of the government, he leaned to the side of mercy. Some have thought he exercised the pardoning power too freely, and that he did not deal with the enemy with sufficient severity. These, and many other things, speak the goodness of his heart, while they argue nothing against the soundness of his judgement.

He was judicious with reference to other nations. When he saw them take advantage of our difficulties, and was urged to retaliatory measures, he would reply, "One thing at a time." He had recently, by proclamation, asserted our rights in foreign ports, conscious that we were then in a condition to defend them.

He was re-elected by a very large majority. No one had enjoyed that distinguished mark of popular favor for more than a quarter of a century. It was a triumphal approval of his policy and of his deeds. It was an emphatic expression of gratitude and confidence. And no one who voted for him will now regret his act.

He entered on his second term under flattering auspices. The confederacy was waning, and tottering to its fall. The nation had responded promptly to his calls. The hearts of the people were with him. The enemy were in evident alarm. With the recapture of all the important forts, of almost all the cities on the Atlantic coast, the occupation of Richmond, and the capitulation of the principal army of the insurgents, our honored President had reached a point from which he could calmly survey the past, and calculate with apparent certainty on the future. His first proclamation had been read in rebel bar-rooms, "amid roars of laughter;" but the laugh was changed. And though he had no disposition to exult over a fallen foe, he must have felt a relief and satisfaction in view of

his indisputable success. The arch traitor, whose fulminations had been so audacious and defiant, had fled for his life, with "none so poor to do him reverence." Henceforth he will wander, like his great archetype, "to and fro in the earth," till dying he will leave

"A villain's name to other times,
Linked to no virtue but a thousand crimes."

Before God he is chargeable with the blood of tens of thousands, and with the life-long wretchedness of thrice that number more. Single crimes affect us; but multitudes confound, and render us insensible to their enormity. Booth has, as is supposed, murdered one; Davis, with certainty, legions. And the latter was more truly the murderer of Lincoln than the direct assassin was. Nay, more; he has aimed his dagger at a Nation's heart, and would have drawn its life-blood. If, since the murderer of Abel, one ever deserved a murderer's or a tyrant's fate, it is Jefferson Davis. He may escape it, but if he has the least relic of conscience left, it will "lash him naked round the world," a fugitive and a vagabond, till he returns to the earth; and even that, like Jonah's receptacle, might well spew him out.

At the commencement of the last week, we were permitted to rejoice over the success of our arms. Never was the victors' joy more ecstatic, or the cause for it more clear. It was natural then to rally around the President, as we had in the severity of the conflict. Beloved and confided in before, he then appeared to many almost superhuman. They seemed to cherish the feeling, if they did not use the language of Herod's adorers, "It is the voice of a god, and not of a man." Then caution slumbered, and the divine protection was withheld. Then the free act of the cowardly wretch terminated his usefulness and his life. The dark deed is done. Its circumstances are all known. No one can wish to dwell upon them. The Capital is robed in the drapery of death. A nation is clothed in sack cloth. Millions sincerely mourn. One of the most remarkable men in the world is no more. A President, second only to Washington, is today yielded to sepulture, the acknowledged kindred of earth and worms.

No other man could have filled his place during his first term.

We will devoutly acknowledge the goodness of God in preserving him through the severity of the struggle. His death, under any circumstances, would have been a national calamity. But could he have passed by a gradual and gentle transition to the spirit-land, that all might have seen a Heavenly Father's will, it had been some relief. Could he have given us a word of counsel, or a dying blessing; or could we have known the conflicts or triumphs of his mind, it would have seemed more easy to acquiesce in his removal. But it is all over with him. "This is the last of earth." And yet he still lives. And as monarchs often "rule from their sceptred urns," his name, his principles and deeds, will have a controlling influence in the land for ages to come. "The blessing of many ready to perish, will rest upon him." The millions set free by his agency will transmit his praises to generations yet unborn. And long will it be, ere they speak his name, or think of him, without a tear. It has been said by another, "If his name was written on every star, and emblazoned in every page of history, his panegyric would not be overwrought." But the good man sleeps in death. The great man rests beneath his honors, like the warrior "with martial cloak around him." The statesman is enshrined with his admirers at his feet. The friend of the colored race is pallid and mute amid the millions whose chains have fallen, and whose hearts are too full for utterance. The ruler, of a simple yet lofty, peerless grandeur, leaves his name the heritage of man, and the world to read his worth "in a nation's tears." As we can neither adorn the rose nor paint the rainbow in more beautiful hues, so language fails, the pencil is impotent, and sculpture is inadequate, to the full portraiture of him whose loss we deplore.

"Ah, had he lived in that proud day,
Ere Greece became the grave
Of glorious men long passed away,
The brilliant and the brave;
The marble cenotaph sublime,
The column, and the crown
Would still transmit to future time,
His record of renown."

But that record is not merely given in charge to "marble and

ever-during brass;" his is "one of the few, immortal names, that were not born to die."

The counterpart of that murderous deed is also familiar. Three in the service of the government, and high in the esteem of the people were subjected to a deadly assault at the same hour with the President. If they survive, as now appears probable, it will be no abatement of the assailant's guilt. The language applied to those actually slain in a former conflict is not inapplicable here:

> "In pride, in all the pride of woe,
> We tell of them, the men laid low,
> Who for their country bled."

To the Secretary of State must be attributed much of our success. Able in counsel, firm in purpose and indefatigable in effort, he has labored harmoniously with the President, commanding respect from the people at home, and the nations of the earth. His was a life too valuable to the country, not to evoke the shafts of the rebellion. They may each present a living proof, concurring with the ashes of the immortal slain, to evince the spirit of the leaders and minions of the rebellion. But the "Star-Spangled Banner" still waves. It is lowered reverently to-day, in acknowledgement of One above, but yielding to none beneath. Men may die; but our nation, with its principles and polity, will live.

There is some anxiety to know what course will be pursued by the successor in office. I have been acquainted with the history and course of Andrew Johnson, during a period of nearly thirty years. I have felt intensely interested in his case, as showing what the unaided efforts of a poor and friendless youth may accomplish. I have repeatedly given the outlines of his remarkable history in different places in public. What occurred on the inauguration day affected me exceedingly. It shows that he is human, and admonishes us not to put confidence in princes, or place unbounded reliance on any arm of flesh. But, previous to that unfortunate occasion, no shadow has rested on his fair fame. Though a Southerner, he has always been true to the Union. When the sanctuary of home was invaded by those who had been protected by the govern-

ment equally with himself, when his property was in danger, when life itself was imperilled, he was as true as the needle to the pole. Gold could not purchase him, nor the halter terrify him. The siren song, or the trumpet tongue, that would shake the firm purpose of his soul, met no response there. A Leonidas in courage and determination, he was more than Spartan, when the hordes of the oppressor assailed him. In my opinion, he would not have been the man for the country in 1861; he is probably the best man it can produce in 1865. His resolute, determined manner might have complicated our difficulties then; he will show no quarter to traitors now. It was feared that our worthy President, though firm in the struggle, would look with what he would intend as a feeling of magnanimity upon a fallen foe, and in the goodness of his heart, propose such terms as would make treason look to those in after ages as a very trivial affair; that an amnesty might be proclaimed, which should embrace not the deceived and deluded masses merely, but the leaders also; that there might be such a restoration of property, and reinstatement in all the privileges of citizenship, as would seem but a premium on rebellion.

President Johnson will undoubtedly insist, that, if there cannot be complete "indemnity for the past," there shall be at least "security for the future." He well knows what he, with the Unionists of Tennessee, has suffered. He will think of the butchery of surrendered soldiers, of bayonets thrust through the wounded and dying, of the abuse of the dead, of the trinkets made from their bones, of the tens of thousands tortured in prisons and starved to death, of the multitudes still more unfortunate, who linger out a life of wretchedness, of the infernal plot to murder his predecessor, of the "chivalry" in the sick chamber of the Secretary of State; and, rather than concede or compromise, he would say, in the language of Dr. Kirk, "God of battles, lead us on! Death to slavery and to traitors!" His course in regard to "the doomed institution" may be inferred from the fact, that when he came to Washington to assume the position to which he was elevated by the suffrages of the people, he brought with him from Tennessee its ratification of the

constitutional amendment abolishing slavery, procured through his own exertions.

We would not encourage the spirit of revenge. We would breathe everywhere, "Good will to men." As ministers of the gospel, I speak for one, and think I may for the others present, —we have conscientiously preached peace, and rejoiced in hope that her "olive-branch" would wave over the nations of the earth, and "wreathe her chain" around the thousand millions in harmonious brotherhood. But this necessity was forced upon us. We had no alternative. Before us was an appeal to arms, or the loss of all that was dear to man, or precious in the sight of God. But now, by the love we bear to our country, to our contemporaries North and South, and to unborn myriads that shall occupy this vast extent of territory; after all this expenditure of blood and treasure, and especially after what has made this day's solemnities necessary; in the name of humanity, in the name of God, we protest against "healing the hurt of the people slightly." Nor will it be. All honor to the man who was the gift of God and the people's choice, and who fulfilled his high mission as he alone could. Memory shall wreathe her mourning cypress around his clay-cold form, and keep ceaseless vigils over his honored dust. But while we abate not our veneration for him, let us now repose a suitable confidence in his successor. Like Joshua, he takes up the work where Moses left it. Nor let us forget that the Being who arranged things as his ancient people approached the land of beauty and abundance, still maintains control over our destinies. Kossuth, while in this country, remarked, "There is a providence in every fact." We can see those providences from the earliest history of our country, in all its conflicts with foreign powers; we see them in the convulsive throes through which we have now so far passed. In this day of our calamity, we should not distrust Him whose paternal care has ever proved unfailing. A remarkable pathological fact is stated by the surgeons attending on Mr. Seward; that the wounds inflicted on him, acting on the principle of a counter-irritant, actually relieved the extreme inflammation resulting from the fracture of his jaw. And thus, what the assassin intended for his destruction, so far resulted in his good.

It illustrates a great principle which underlies the government of God,—good from seeming ills. This great calamity is in the hands of Him whose over ruling energy can render it subservient to the national good.

After the experience of the last four years, it does not admit of a question, whether a republic, founded in intelligence and piety, can live. Let the inscription not only appear on our national coins, but be deep in our hearts, " In God we trust," and a career of greatness and glory is before us, of which only the dim foreshadowing appears. And at this hour, there is no government under the broad canopy of heaven that rests on a firmer basis than ours. Would that our lamented President had lived to discern some of the remoter fruits of his anxieties and toils, some clearer evidences of those stupendous results which his administration has aided to secure. But "One soweth, and another reapeth." "Other men labored, and we are entered into their labors." And in the ages of the future, the yet undeveloped effects of what has been sown in tears, in agony and blood, will appear grand and glorious beyond all the indications of the present. Millions on millions will turn almost adoringly to these times, make pilgrimages to the grave to which the services of to-day point, and bless the memory of him who reposes there. And when, in future days, "The light of memory backward streams." or the historian shall search for the brightest, the purest, the most illustrious of names, towering in majestic proportions above the myriads of ephemeral fame, he will find in simple, unadorned, yet colossal and unapproachable grandeur, the name of Abraham Lincoln. Fresh and fragrant be the laurels that encircle his brow. Henceforth he is enshrined in imperishable renown. But while art and treasure combine to give immortality to his pure fame, we intrust it to neither. We will point to no proud mausoleum, to marble, or to bronze. Emphatic, it may be, yet too cold are their utterances. He has entered the portals of the national heart; and there his memory will be cherished while the moon shall wax and wane, and till the lustre of the stars shall fade.

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